

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

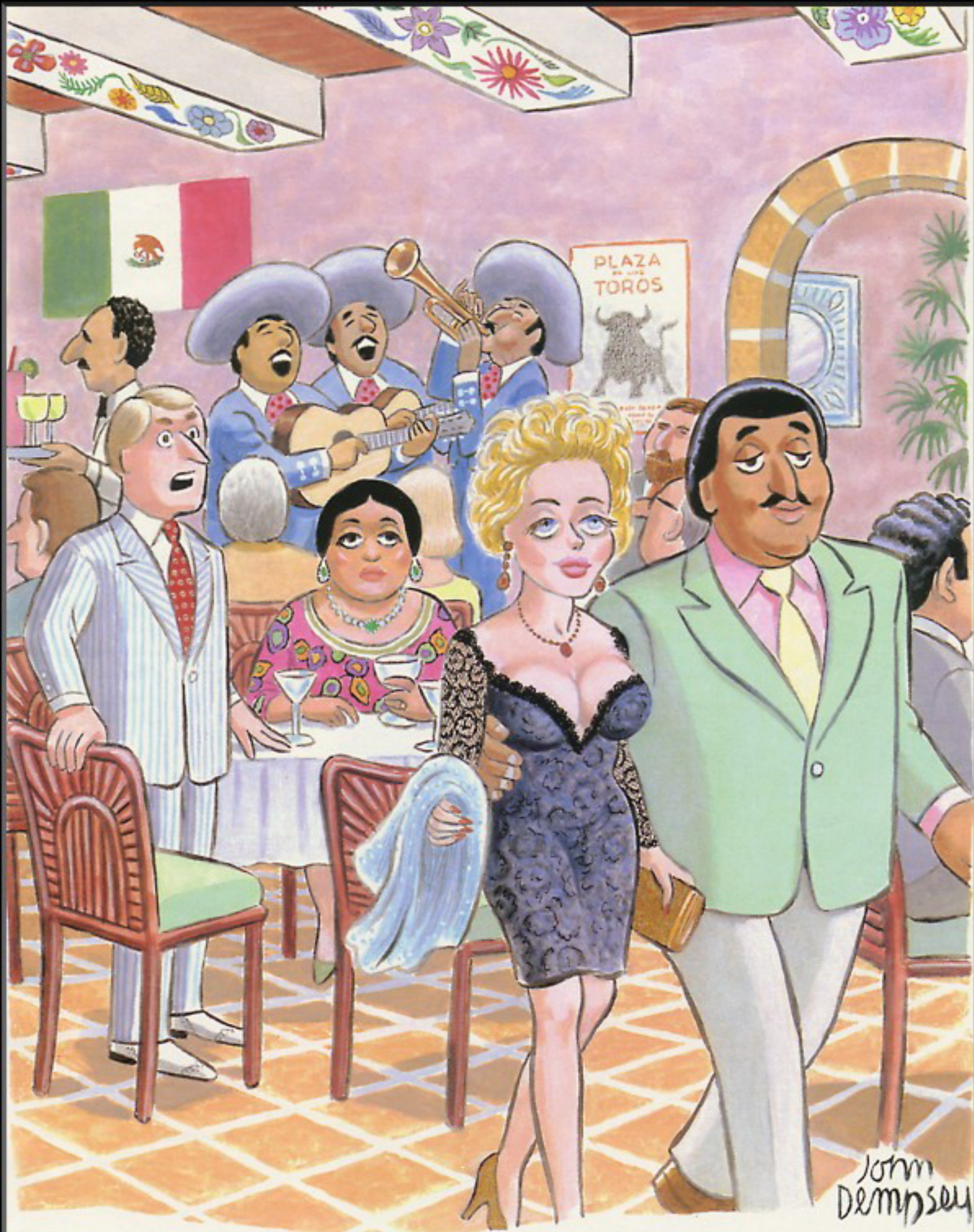
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CHRISTIAN
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INTERVIEW

ELLE
MACPHERSON
TAKES OVER
SEX IN CINEMA
1994

PLUS
JOSEPH
HELLER
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QUENTIN
TARANTINO

BABEWATCH!
FABULOUS
NEW PHOTOS
OF PAM
ANDERSON



*"Wait a minute, Carlos. I don't think you understand
what Nafta is all about."*

PAMWATCH

a trip to st.-tropez with pamela anderson, the most famous lifeguard in the world



Working on *Home Improvement* or *Baywatch* (above) or vacationing in St.-Tropez, Pamela draws attention. The tabloids covered her romance with *Baywatch* co-star David Charvet and a broken engagement to sitcom hero Scott Baio. Now the only hairy creature in Pamela's life is her golden retriever, Star.

WELCOME to St.-Tropez, where the days can be hot but the nights are cooled by Mediterranean breezes that help make this French town one of the most romantic spots on earth. It just got hotter, cooler and even more romantic, thanks to a visit from Pamela Anderson, a friend of ours who steamed up the lenses of photographer Stephen Wayda more than the weather ever could. Pamela, *PLAYBOY*'s Miss February 1990, told us then that "this is the start of something big." All she has done since is appear as Lisa the Tool Time Girl on *Home Improvement*, America's number one TV show, and co-star as C.J. Parker on *Baywatch*, the TV show with more than a billion viewers worldwide each week. There's also a Mike Hammer movie-of-the-week on CBS (Pamela plays Hammer's sexy assistant). Not bad for the daughter of a furnace repairman and a waitress from tiny Comox, British Columbia. But even while she juggled movie offers, Pamela couldn't resist a trip to St.-Tropez—our fifth get-together with her. "I've never had a bad experience with *PLAYBOY*," she says. Posing nude is like modeling swimsuits, she adds, except that you don't have to worry how the suit looks. In St.-Tropez, she had nothing at all to worry about. We made the arrangements; all Pamela had to do was show up, show off and enjoy herself. Now she says, "It's my favorite place in the world. I want to move there."

Fantasies do come true. For proof, check Pamela's life story. In 1989 some neighbors invited her to a Canadian Football League game

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





in Vancouver. A cameraman put her on the stadium's big-screen TV. The crowd went wild. Pamela happened to be wearing a Labatt's T-shirt that day; the company, noting that its logo had never before looked so good, signed her as a spokesmodel. That's when we spotted the girl in the Labatt's beer ads. Her *PLAYBOY* appearances led to *Home Improvement* and *Baywatch*. The world went wild. Playing one of the TV lifeguards *People* magazine called a "super-sexy amalgam of hormones and Coppertone" on the syndicated surf opera *Baywatch*, Pamela is seen weekly in 140 nations by nearly 20 percent of the earth's population, and the show has made her an international star. She's so popular in Europe that she can't make a move on the Continent without being mobbed. With the CBS movie and two feature films on the horizon, Pamela is now approximately as hot as the St.-Tropez sand at midday. "It's all pretty hard to believe," she says in her soft, little-girl voice, "but then I







"I should be more realistic," acknowledges Pamela, "but I'm more into fantasy than reality, even when it comes to men." Sex, she says, is spirituality made real. It's a force that can cloud men's minds. Ask any male *Baywatch* fan what Pamela wears on the show. He would probably say a bikini. In fact, she wears a plain, regulation one-piece maillot; the rest is acting.



What's the secret of her success? Beneath Pamela's obvious assets beats a very strong heart. David Hasselhoff says he is amazed by his co-star's energy, a force that has made C.J. Parker vital to *Baywatch*. Who else but Pamela would practice martial arts after an 18-hour workday? But that's not the only way she gets her kicks. She also enjoys inventing exotic (but as yet unpublished) works of fiction.



Meditation, crystals and other New Age fancies are the real thing for Pamela. She has believed in her own brand of mysticism since her grandfather, an emigrant from Finland, first suggested that her dreams might contain hidden meanings. "I keep a written account of my dreams, just like my grandfather did," she says. The contents of Pamela's "dream diary" will have to remain her secret. But if our favorite sensualist's St.-Tropez fantasies are any indication, some of that nocturnal diary's pages might prove to be incendiary.

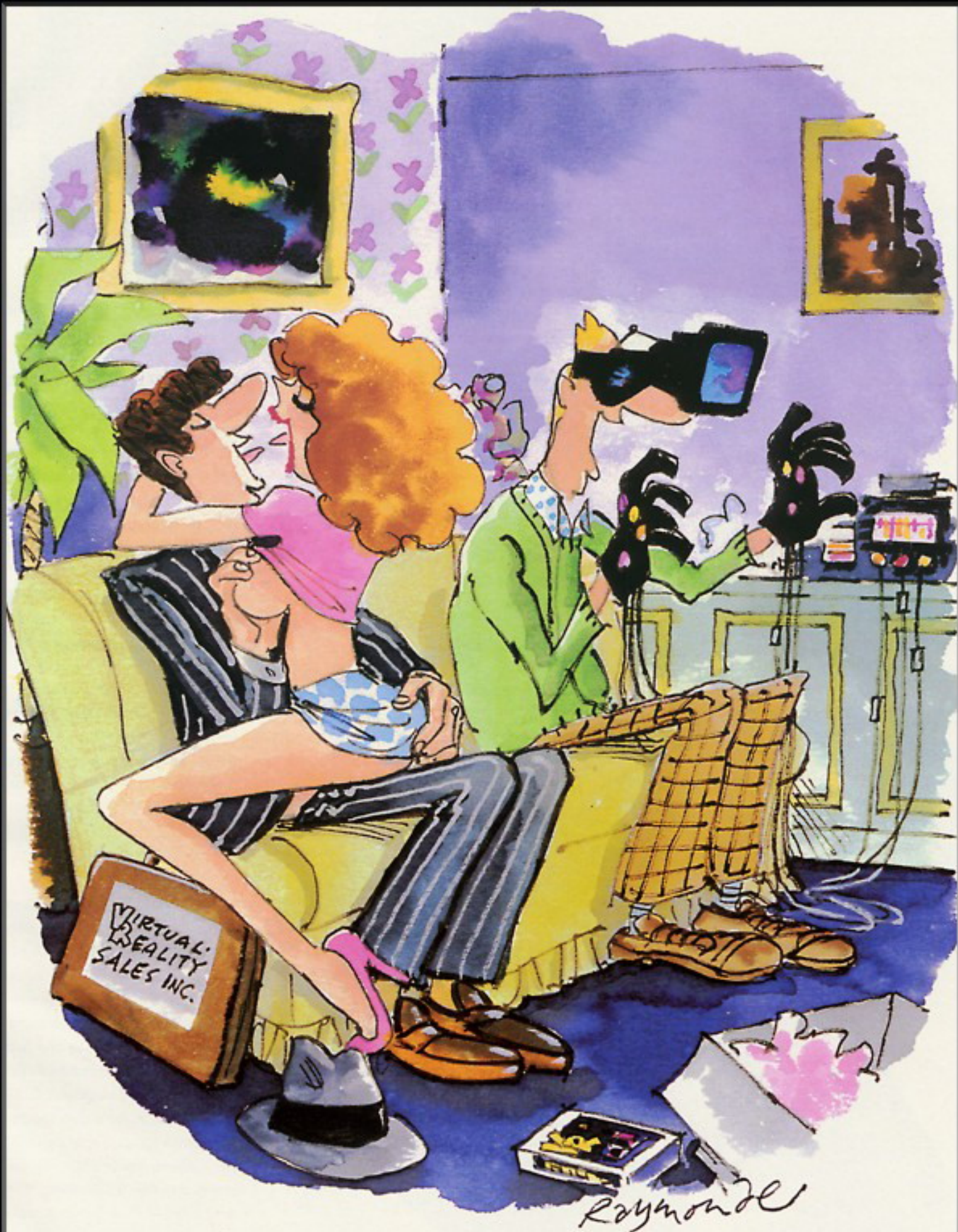


have always believed in fantasies."

Being young and beautiful and blonde is a good way to be mistaken for a mannequin. Pamela told *People* magazine, "I love the dumb-blonde image. I have nothing to live up to. I can only surprise people." So she doesn't bother reminding people that her *Baywatch* character has gotten deeper as the writers make C.J. more like Pamela, whose idea of bedtime reading is *Bulfinch's Mythology*. Even her *PLAYBOY* portfolio reflects a philosophy, that "sexuality is an expression of spirituality." Pamela certainly didn't need to explain herself in St.-Tropez, where body language is a native tongue.







"Hey, gee, like, wow! You folks don't know what you're missing—you know that?"



"Nurse, you know this patient is to have nothing by mouth."

today's female musicians are the daughters of punk and they know what boys like

Rock Girls

article by Christopher Napolitano



LIZ PHAIR HITS the stage at 9:45 and strides toward the mike with a world-weary grin born of months of fawning reviews and crowds of drooling PIB (people in black). Her debut CD, *Exile in Guyville*, made many critics' lists of 1993's best albums and this live tour, she says, is to prove she's not just a studio wonder. She wears a clingy white turtleneck and a pleated short skirt. Her

legs are bare. She looks like a good girl and sings like a bad one, the physical incarnation of a voice that has seduced thousands with lyrical threats to take the listener doggy style. Even at her most macho, she is no inflated, crotch-grabbing braggart like Mick Jagger or Madonna. She's more like a graduate student moonlighting as a phone sex operator. The roles that she plays—the jilted lover, the temptress, the scornful ex—never slip into parody. It's as if she were speaking aloud the thoughts of someone you might find at three in the morning down at the end of the bar—admittedly a safe bar, on a campus.

There's a good case to be made that today's most interesting music is coming from women. A new generation of no-nonsense, mostly boy-fucking female musicians is singing frankly—and graphically—about two important subjects: sex and gender.

They don't want to be called girl bands. They are not the Bangles. Nor are they the first—Mo Tucker, Joni Mitchell, Marianne Faithfull, Tina Turner, Bon-

nie Raitt, Patti Smith, Debbie Harry, Tina Weymouth, Exene Cervenka and Kim Gordon were in front, laying down important tracks. They don't even want to be grouped together; they're musicians who happen to be women. Their styles include the arty minimalism of Phair, P.J. Harvey and the Spinanes, the hard-driving pop of the Breeders and Belly, the hard-

core thrash and grunge of Hole, L7, Babes in Toyland, Bikini Kill and 7 Year Bitch, and the rap of Salt-N-Pepa and Hoez With Attitude. They can be grungier than a pair of Anthony Kiedis' underwear or nastier than Luther Campbell. But as women—writing songs as women, playing loud and electric as women—they are subverting a male-dominated business. Obviously, they're not stereotypical rock stars with cucumbers

stuffed in their

pants. They can do

and say things guys

can't do and things

that older women

never had the

chance to.

Because hard-

rocking, tough, ag-

gressive women are

new to the biz, they

are, for the most

part, able to make

their own rules.

They are not gov-

erned by MTV—

they challenge the

narrow sexpot and

baby-doll video

roles that prevail

on the music chan-

nel. They cultivat-

ed followings, then

dressed up their

tamer stuff for the

world of maximum

television. We know

that Liz Phair wants

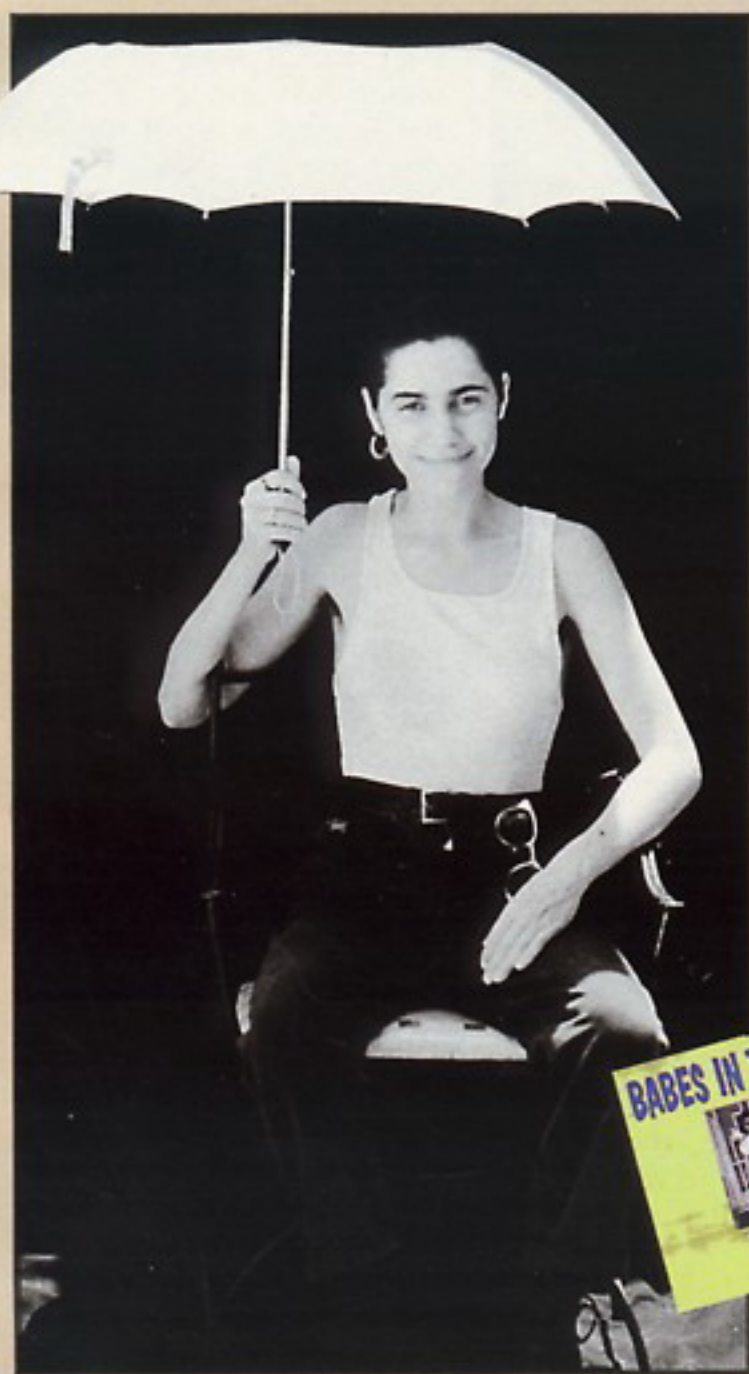


She can't get no satisfaction: Despite her sultry posturing, Liz Phair (above) is no boy toy. Even her come-ons have an ironic edge. She says her mother cried the first time that she heard her songs—not from shock but because of the depth of emotion her daughter had revealed.

to be a blow-job queen and that she thinks men fuck and run. She told us so without video. Just as P.J. Harvey can sing about a Celtic goddess with splayed labia. Or Hole can put out a single called *Dicknail*. Or Hoez With Attitude can give *Az Much Ass Azz U Want*. Or seminal riot grrrls Bikini Kill can call their latest release *Pussy Whipped* and be labeled revolutionary for doing it. Or hard-core Seattleites 7 Year Bitch can cry *Dead Men Don't Rape* without sparking Senate hearings.

What these women share is anger—and anger, as we all know, is nine tenths of the energy in rock and roll. They also are crossover (continued on page 161)

“Motherhood means mental freeze”—The Breeders, “No Aloha” © “She lost all her innocence/Gave it to an abscess”—Hole, “I Think That I Would Die” © “Don’t try to fun that you don’t like to drink/Open up the lips so you can lick the pearly pink” —H.W.A., “Great Taste, Less Fillaz” © “I only ask because I’m a real cunt in spring/You can ram me by the hour”—Liz Phair, “Dance of the Seven Veils” © “I’m almost coming... Why don’t I ever get my mine?”—Bikini Kill, “Sugar” ©



Girls, girls, girls. Clockwise from top right: Salt-N-Pepa shimmy and shake to spice up their live act; Kim Deal of the Breeders sank her teeth into Lollapalooza; always out front, Kat Bjelland is already featured in a book, *Babes in Toyland* by Neal Karlen; enjoying her reign as guitar queen, Polly Jean Harvey says she'll dump her band; Courtney Love on Van Halen: "Why can these assholes fill up the Coliseum and girls can't?"



—H.W.A., “Great Taste, Less Fillaz” © “I only ask because I’m a real cunt in spring/You can ram me by the hour”—Liz Phair, “Dance of the Seven Veils” © “I’m almost coming... Why don’t I ever get my mine?”—Bikini Kill, “Sugar” ©

"Courtney and Kat worked as strippers. Both understand the dynamic with the horny guys in the audience."

queens: Some of their most rabid fans are men. And that's what separates them from Joni Mitchell or Joan Armatrading. Joan Armatrading shows attract some beautiful women, but the few clever guys there are superfluous. Many women simply make out with each other. But, hey, when Babes in Toyland played Lollapalooza, there were provocatively pierced teenage love thangs aplenty, looking around for like-minded guys. And the most compelling figure was their idol, Kat Bjelland of Babes. (Babes as in "in the woods," not as in "chicks," as she loves to point out; get it wrong and she will call you a prick.) Garbed in an undersized kinderwhore dress—the demented-little-girl look she and on-again-off-again friend Courtney Love each accuse the other of stealing—guitarist and lead singer Kat introduced the band in a sweet voice and then ripped into a shriek to start *Bruise Violet*. Like a gorgeous cracked-out cheerleader, Kat played hard and hard to get. The sightly and sonic combination of the flashes of Kat's

panties and Lori Barbero's tribal drumming inspired some macho moshing. As Butt-head said of the song's video, "Whoa! These chicks rock!"

Courtney and Kat worked as strippers when they were younger, less famous and in need of cash. Whether or not they admit it, both women seem to understand the physical dynamic between a woman on a stage and the anonymous, horny guys in the audience. And they use it to their advantage, just as Liz Phair manipulates the contradictions between her collegiate look and candid lyrics. Or take the electric guitar, the traditional phallic prop of male rockers. In the hands of virtuoso Polly Jean Harvey, the guitar remains a symbol; as she warps, twists and wrings sound from her Strat, you can't help but admire the strength and facility of her hands. It adds to her sex appeal, even when she's singing about a dry vagina.

The ironic love songs of today's supercharged chanteuses entice the male listener. There's just the slightest hint of

romance—it's like electric pillow talk or a lovers' quarrel turned up to 11 on the volume knob. It starts each guy in the crowd to thinking, Sure she's mad at men—but she ain't pissed at me. It's those other bums who fucked her over. Even when Courtney Love—in all her low-rent, tousled beauty—complains of adolescent rejection in *Teenage Whore*, she arouses the pride and desire of each guy in the audience: I'll make her happy. I bet I can give her what she needs. Salt-N-Pepa seduce in a more overt way, by describing what they're capable of as lovers and what you're missing. When Salt brags, "You have no beef/Cause when the bugle is blown/It's all tongue and no teeth," she has every guy reaching for his instrument. The thing is, all she wants us to do is reach for our wallets and buy CDs.



It's as if for years we've listened in mono and then, suddenly, a few women turned up the speakers on the left. Even at the local club level, female musicians are taking to the stage. Many of the new bands, such as New York favorites Barbie Complex and Die Monster Die, are sexually integrated—it's shrewd marketing to enhance the gate. Those bands that make it big are equipped with

IF YOU LIKE LIZ PHAIR

BY SHANE DUBOW

Several years ago Shane DuBow worked as an intern in our Chicago office. It wasn't the first time he had toiled in the presence of greatness. Turns out he used to date Liz Phair. When her first CD came out and we really listened to the words, the idea of a relationship with Phair raised more questions than the songs answered. So we tracked DuBow down and made him give us the scoop.

It was my tape deck. Forget the riot grrrls and all the power feminism. Behind the success of every rock babe there's a guy, and the guy behind Liz Phair was me. I was the one who loaned her the crucial—dare I say indispensable?—piece of stereo equipment she used to dub the demos she sent to the radio stations that gave her the airplay that led to the record deal and the release of her debut album, *Exile in Guyville*, which then brought her a fuckload of cash—no, make that two fuckloads—and the praise of rock critics from New York to Seattle. Note, however, where it all started: my tape deck.

My mother tells me there was a time when rock babes wrote love songs to their boyfriends—the Carly Simon–Joni Mitchell routine. You can even imagine those boyfriends bragging about it at the bar. Of course, if you've listened to Liz' debut, you know this is no longer the case. Actually, you'd think she had never met anyone who's kind or sensitive or humble. Someone like me.

Well, for the record, none of those unnamed *Guyville* Romeos resembles yours truly. I am not the lame-o who fucked and ran in *Fuck and Run*, nor the Neanderthal who bullied the stereo in *Help Me, Mary*. Fact is, I gave Liz my stereo. We *Guyville* guys just ain't that bad.

I, for one, taught Ms. "I take full advantage of every guy I meet" such survival skills as how to play Let's Get Lost. We were in college. I'd pick her up. We'd drop the top, red-line the tach and bomb through the night. The game was to ignore all signs, take turns choosing directions, lose our minds and our way amid the Ohio farmland and then pull over. The way I remember it, everything was goofy and late-night. Liz never mentioned anything about being my—or anyone else's—"blow job queen," never referred to my lips as "perfect suck-me size." I only heard that stuff on the album. Just my luck—she saves the fun stuff for the paying public.

All I know is that after graduation

we stayed in touch. She came to my mom's second wedding. She named her own folder on my hard drive. When an early *Spin* review called her a prodigy of privilege, she had me ghostwrite a saucy retort. And guess which dizzy music rag, after receiving said correspondence, named *Exile* its album of the year?

Sure, Liz seems self-sufficient—that's the Nineties rock-babe shtick. But take her lyrics, best known perhaps for their profanity. Where the fuck do you think she got that fucking stuff? Or take her second album, *Whip-Smart*. The fifth song on it, I happened to notice last trip to the CD store, is called *Shane*, which, I happened to notice last time I signed something, is also my name. Now, everyone knows it's the title of the fifth song on the second album that makes or breaks a rock star's career. If Liz rode my coattails any harder, she'd be a water skier.

All this neediness, it gets to be a drag. This *Shane* song, it's about a night we spent together in Chicago. She was an unemployed slacker. I was a way-cool writer with an incredibly important assignment to report on the club scene. Out of pity, I invited Liz to tag along. When I wrote "we watched," I was referring to Liz and me. I gave her that, the plural pronoun, her first fame. Now she's exploited it, that night, my name, to catapult herself to the top of the rock heap. Ingrate.

Sure, she leaves backstage passes for me. Sure, she asked me to help with a spot on MTV. But did she invite me to read my fiction as an encore? Did she ever show her gratitude through her wallet?

Note to all men: If ever your girlfriend grabs a guitar and a four-track, copyright your name and lock up your diary. It's too late for me. That's why I've now retaliated and written my own little ditty, a glossy commercial kind of thing. Real catchy number called *If You Like Liz Phair, You'll Just Love Shane DuBow*. Any day now I'm going to be huge.



heavy-metal howls, salacious raps and enough feedback to power a small town. They wear their parental advisory stickers with pride.

When Nirvana came to New York for the last time a few months before Kurt Cobain's suicide, Kim Deal's crackling and lighthearted band, the Breeders, opened for them. It symbolized, in retrospect, the passing of the ax from Cobain to the Deal sisters. Nirvana was on automatic: Tight and loud, it put out a trademark heavy sound with brontosaurus beats. Cobain seemed detached, unemotional and uninspired; he sat on a stool for much of the show, hunched over his mike with his hair obscuring his face. Fans moshed because they were supposed to. The gig lacked the joyful energy that had driven the Breeders an hour earlier. The closest to female angst singer Kim Deal got was on *Divine Hammer*—a quest for satisfaction that she describes as "just like a big fuck." When she finds that sacred tool (after all, her body is a temple), she's going to bang it all day.



Although Phair's band hits chest-squeezing decibels only three or four times, the Phairophiles are psyched. It's a glasses-friendly environment; there's no real mosh pit. In fact, if you tossed your specs 50 feet away, you could retrieve them from the floor unbroken. It's a crowd of serious New York scenesters who have a few years on Phair. They're the kind of music nuts who used to hang out in Hoboken listening to unassuming minimalist stuff by such now-defunct bands as the Feelies or the dBs (who actually reached back to the clangy garage sound of the early Rolling Stones and Velvet Underground). Phair is a part of this unassuming branch of side-street rock. Musically, she's derivative, but she's polished enough to refute last year's word-of-mouth rep for being stiff and dull in concert. It's her lyrics that count and the guys in the audience know them all.

There's a yabbo up front who can't quite control himself. In between songs he's whooping and wailing like Phair holds his heart in a box. Phair is not amused. In fact, she appears to be a bit repulsed by such slobbering adulation. In a pique of girlish disdain that contrasts nicely with her milk-and-honey looks, she glares down and says, "I don't think you should be yelling like that!" Then she kicks into the next song—just her voice, her electric guitar and her drummer. The two other guys in the band flank her in the shadows, rattling tambourines. It's a quintessential scene for the Nineties: Female rockers have taken center stage.



Who's Who: Women to Watch



THE GO-GO'S were gone pretty quickly. Will this crop of female talent be around to shape the sound of tomorrow? Here's a list of women whose music may endure long enough for them to be Grammy grannies:

Tori Amos: Amos was a child prodigy and a devout Christian who decided to be a bad girl. She took the traditional feminine role of piano player and infused it with sexual rebellion. She is passionate during performances, complete with sexual bumping and grinding on her stool. She has to move an awful lot to be interesting, though; her sugary, commercial tunes are affected affairs reminiscent of the worst of Laura Nyro and Kate Bush. But on the much-hyped CD *Under the Pink* her lyrics can be seductive—*Icicle* concerns a woman masturbating in her room as her family reads the Bible downstairs—as can her image. Past incarnations included a lounge act that she quit in disgust ("What's the difference between that and giving a blow job to the head of Merrill Lynch?") and a stint fronting a soft-metal band that produced the awful disc *Y Kant Tori Read*.

Babes in Toyland: When the band came out of Minneapolis and was signed by Warner in 1992, it became a symbol that record execs were serious about marketing women who played abrasive, in-your-face punk rock. Even though the group's mainstream debut *Fontanelle* contains screechy lyrics that seem to attack men, their masculine fans can take heart, because the band insists most songs aren't about guys but are about dishonest people. The Babes hate being labeled women who play like men: "What's the difference between females playing and males playing?" asked drummer Lori Barbero in *Spin*. "That we don't have dicks?" In a word, yes.

Belly: Tanya Donelly, singer, guitarist and Rhode Island-based founder of Belly, is the space oddity of her generation. Her songs on *Star*, Belly's recent and

much-acclaimed release, are full of fairy tale allegories imbued with images of witches, dogs and moons. Somewhat inexplicably, she claims that *Someone to Die For* is about a serial killer and *Dusted* describes a rape victim hooked on smack. It's a stretch—and the effervescent pop sound obscures the lyrics. Donelly was previously in the seminal alternative band Throwing Muses. A gorgeous blonde in oversize combat boots and quirky getups, she has a gender agenda in breaking stereotypes: She scouted for a female bassist, Gail Greenwood, to match the two men in Belly.

Bikini Kill: Ooo, riot grrrls. There's a lot about the movement that sends bad vibes to men: the infantilism and schoolgirl lunch boxes, the words RAPE and SLUT lipsticked on bare midriffs and the drive to force men

from the mosh pit. On the other hand, these four from Olympia, Washington are not poseurs. Singer Kathleen Hanna is prone to jump into the audience to swap child-abuse stories. And the band does have a guy, guitarist Billy Karren. *Pussy Whipped*, the band's first full-length effort, is a truly inspired CD: Hanna explores her sexuality, including struggles with old boyfriends and, in the kicking anthem *Rebel Girl*, feelings of envy and lust. They're not beyond a bit of fun, either; at early shows Hanna peeled her top in mockery of shirtless rock stars of the past. Although Courtney Love disses riot grrrls and Olympia in her new tune *Rock Star*, she had better be careful. With a proper studio at their disposal and Joan Jett as producer, Bikini Kill recently issued a three-song recording that makes Love's Hole sound empty.

The Breeders: Kim Deal is playful about sex, promising "I'll be your whatever you want" to an unnamed "little libertine" on the hit single *Cannonball*. Kim Gordon of

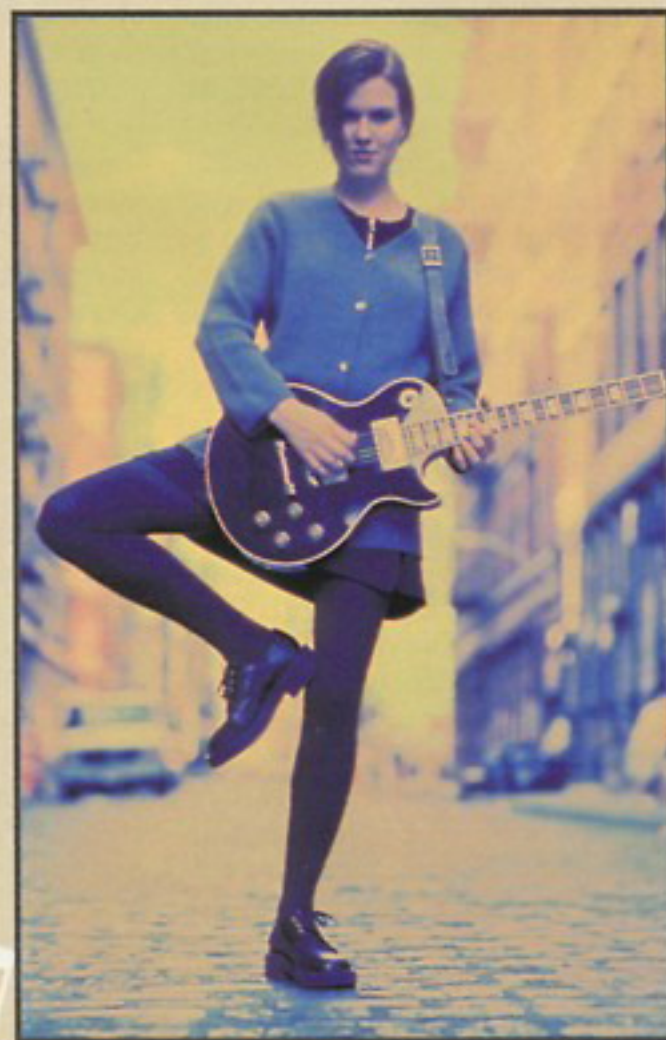
Sonic Youth, alternative rock's mother superior, directed the video for *Cannonball*, which promptly got elevated to MTV's Buzz Bin; soon thereafter the album *Last Splash* passed the 800,000-sales mark. Fronted by the Deal sisters—Ohio natives, former lifeguards, cheerleaders, gymnasts and self-described "riot hags"—the Breeders features Josephine Wiggs on bass and Jim Macpherson on drums. Kim started the band with sister Kelley and Belly's Tanya Donelly (who left after the 1992 *Safari* EP) during a break from the Pixies. The Breeders' breezy grooves, experimental edge and ironic, spacey lyrics propel a form of power pop that makes much (concluded on page 104)



When Tori Amos steps out (above), she certainly looks good, but she sounds even better. Consider her take on self-expression: "If you want to walk around with a pin in your dick, then pierce it all, baby."

"Lick my legs/And I'm on fire/Lick my legs/And I'm desire"—P.J. Harvey, "Rid of Me" © "The highest paid piece of ass/You know it's not gonna last/Those magazines end up in the trash"—The Juliana Hatfield Three, "Supermodel" © "In Olympia/

"Rock Star" © "Now you shouldn't even get into/Who I'm giving skins to/It's none of your business"—Salt-N-Pepa, "None of Your Business" ©



Where everyone's the same/We look the same/We talk the same/We even fuck the same"—Hole, "Rock Star" ©



Four of a kind: L7 (top left) jumped on the Lollapalooza '94 bus in support of their new disc, *Hungry for Stink*. Although her occasionally neurotic lyrics deal with shyness and self-loathing, Juliana Hatfield (top right) still gets a kick from performing live. Ex-Throwing Muse Tanya Donelly (above) has a lot to smile about: Her full-fledged songwriting efforts on *Star* made her new band, Belly, a success. In the Eighties, Kim Gordon (left) of Sonic Youth was the only role model for feedback feminists who play loud, abrasive music. Now she has started X-Girl Fashions so more women can buy into her look.

of grunge-and-grimace rock seem one-dimensional.

P.J. Harvey: Polly Jean Harvey (P.J. Harvey is the name of her band) left her home of Yeovil, a town of 600 in England, after she released two singles, *Sheela-na-gig* and *Dress*, at the age of 22. Harvey's earthy tunes employ ambiguous imagery and chainsaw guitar work to flesh out a world of sweat and tears, particularly on her second disc, *Rid of Me* (produced by Steve Albini of Nirvana fame). She refuses to deconstruct her lyrics, whether or not she's knocking the joys of menstruation in *Happy and Bleeding*, the proper stroke in *Rub Til It Bleeds* or feminism in *Man-Size*. "I don't spend time thinking about feminism as an issue," she says. "To me, that's backtracking. You can talk about things too much and nothing will be done." She, like Phair, also poses topless or in undies for pinup-style jacket photos. So far she's done things her way: She turned down a prime spot in Lollapalooza and gigs opening for Neil Young and the Cure but agreed to open a U2 show at Wembley Stadium.

Juliana Hatfield: By the time she was 26, Hatfield had already slogged her way through six CDs (two solo, including last year's *Become What You Are*, and four with the Blake Babies). Lately, she's become more commercial, playing the MTV-style helpless woman. Hatfield complains about being savaged by the press, but struggling artists wish they had her PR person, because Hatfield is everywhere. Hailing from a wealthy suburb of Boston, she's noted for *Hey Babe*, a CD that dwells on her erotic obsessions (some say with Lemonhead Evan Dando). She's also made some curious statements. In 1992 she told a reporter that she was a virgin. She also claims she has yet to see a female guitarist other than Bonnie Raitt who can play. Guess she hasn't caught Polly Jean Harvey or the Spinanes' Rebecca Gates.

Hoez With Attitude: Sex and dicks and stuff dripping down legs. Welcome to hoe house music. Despite some decent production by Eazy-E of N.W.A., it's hard to take the Hoez seriously on their second CD, *Az Much Ass Azz U Want*. The obscenity of the lyrics, though, can send listeners scanning for tawdry moments. For sheer eroticism, no sex vid beats the power of the title track. When the Hoez were accused of demeaning black women—particularly by Senator Carol Moseley-Braun (D.-Ill.)—they proved adept at justifying their steamy lyrics (and pointed out that they worked on Moseley-Braun's campaign). Kim Kenner, a.k.a. Baby Girl, claims they have appropriated the word hoez—much as riot grrrls use "slut"—and redefined it in their own

image: Strong, sexy, successful women who just happen to make appearances at strip joints and pose naked inside their CD booklet.

Hole: Even before she got hit with that Yoko Ono rap, Courtney Love was the bad sister of indie rock. The peripatetic punkstress left quite a trail: Born in San Francisco to bohemian parents (her dad wrote a book on the Grateful Dead), she grew up in Oregon, hit Minneapolis for an early lineup of Babes in Toyland, bummed around with Faith No More, landed a prescient part in *Sid and Nancy*, formed Hole in Los Angeles with guitarist Eric Erlandson and then married Kurt Cobain and became famous. Becoming famous may have pissed off her hardcore competitors more than did the release of Hole's first CD, the copycat, screechy-scrawly *Pretty on the Inside* (coproduced by Kim Gordon). Then came the fight with Axl Rose backstage at the 1992 MTV Awards, the *Vanity Fair* article that said she used heroin while pregnant and her quote in *Out*: "I've slept with about 15 women." *Live Through This* is an excellent disc that shows her mainstream roots—an appreciation for Chrissie Hynde and Stevie Nicks. Until the suicide of her husband and the drug death of Hole's bassist, Kristen Pfaff, Love's visibility fueled interest in other female rockers. What happens when she comes out of mourning is anybody's guess.

Liz Phair: Her current success has left Oberlin College grads scratching their heads in attempts to picture their former classmate. At a time when most musicians play as much for the scene as they do for the music, Phair is unique. She never played live until she finished her album; at home in Chicago she recorded some songs, passed cassettes around and was signed by Matador. *Exile in Guyville* was taped, but the order of the songs was changed after she heard the Stones' *Exile on Main Street* for the first time. The title is also a dig at the testosterone-charged, small-venue proving grounds of macho rockers. In her songs, Phair grapples with problems of womanhood and the rotten side of love and romance. Her tortured-sexpot image—from the flash of nipple she shows on her CD cover to the pinup-style inside shots of a model who could be her twin—is even more of a clever ruse. "Men are a lot more freaked out by my work than women are," she says. "Men are not aware that these graphic takes on sex are things that nice women from good families are thinking. It unsettles them."

L7: "We're taking our music to the people and if we get to do some shopping along the way, that's really cool," L7's singer Suzi Gardner explained

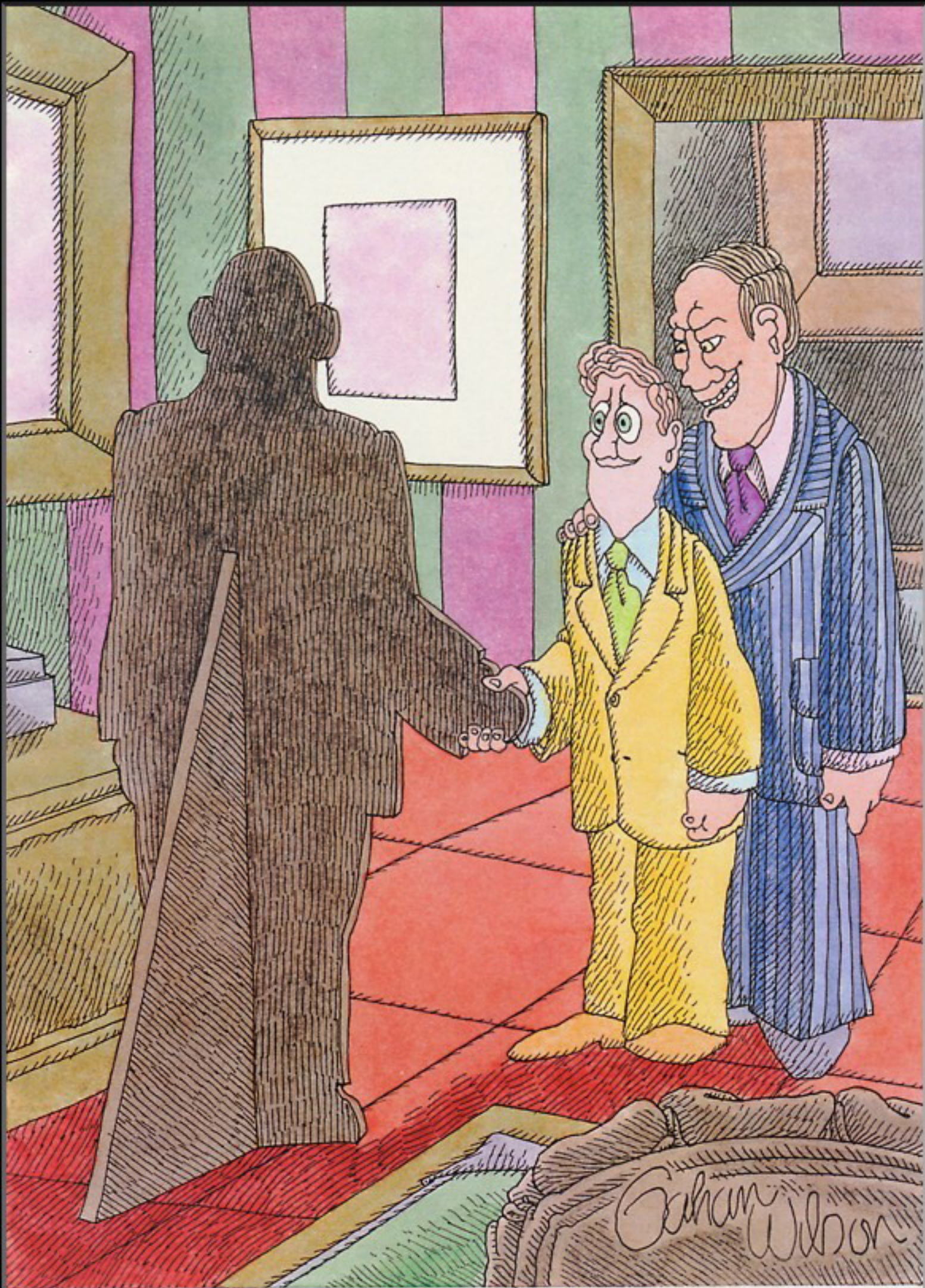
two years ago. "If we get laid, that's the cherry on the whipped cream." Babes in Toyland, 7 Year Bitch and L7 were the first successful all-girl bands in the early Nineties to develop a monster metal sound. They actually scored a mainstream hit in *Pretend We're Dead* and were applauded for their involvement in the Rock for Choice concerts. Their live act can get raunchy: At 1992's Reading Festival in England, guitarist Donita Sparks responded to heckling by spinning a small missile on a string and tossing it at the audience. "Eat my used tampon," she cried.

Salt-N-Pepa: As Salt-N-Pepa, Cheryl James and Sandra Denton are the biggest-selling female rappers—bigger than Yo-Yo and Queen Latifah. Eight years ago, they scored a hit with the single *Push It*, which was nominated for a Grammy. In videos, they offer plenty of cleavage and wriggling behinds while their lyrics point to female empowerment and poke fun at the cartoonish posing of male rappers. (Salt-N-Pepa are PG-13 compared with the X-rated Hoes.) Their earlier hit *Let's Talk About Sex* established them as social critics. On their latest CD, *Very Necessary*, they follow through with a message about AIDS. Their best mark of independence may be the success of their single *Shoop*, which they released over the objections of longtime producer Hurby "Luv Bug" Azor (whom they met in Queens when they worked at Sears with another future star, comedian Martin Lawrence).

7 Year Bitch: Four Gothic vampires from Seattle who rode grunge's flannel shirttails to prominence and haven't done much since. Shortly before the release of their CD *Sick 'em*, guitarist Stefanie Sargent died of a heroin overdose. They're anything but polished and that's OK with them. "Women are doing their own thing," says singer Sylene Vigil, "and don't feel they have to be Barbie dolls or have a rock-slut image." Because the band is mediocre at best, many in the industry point to it as evidence that women don't have to be exceptional to get a recording contract.

The Spinanes: This duo of guitarist Rebecca Gates and drummer Scott Plouf sports the buttondown, thrift-shop intellectual look—it's a facade that sets up the sucker punch of Gates' furious strumming. Their clean-cut demeanor and big, noisy sound has earned them the tag of nice-core. It's punk with a diploma. Earlier this year they shot to number one on the college charts with their first full disc for the Sub Pop label, *Manos*. At one show Gates warned, "Here comes the world, so fucking understand and suck it."





"And someday, when you're a little further up the corporate ladder, maybe we'll let you meet J.R. himself!"





IHATE Los Angeles," growls 23-year-old Donna Perry, who at this moment seems less like a mild-mannered Miss November than a blonde, supercharged Mario Andretti as she careens among the freeway lanes in her sporty red Mitsubishi 3000GT. Leaving the city behind, she is headed home to the San Fernando Valley for a golfing expedition—miniature golf, that is. We head for the Arroyo Seco course for a friendly round and a nostalgic return to her roots. "I loved it here," she recalls as we whisk past her childhood home and three of her former schools. "It is more family oriented—like where I live now. I love families." Sure enough, a clan of her own is on the horizon. "People say I got married too young," Donna says of her merger a year and a half ago with Mike, a guitarist in a band called Bad Seed. "But I want to have kids before I'm

DRIVING MISS PERRY

on freeway and fairway, miss november shows her form

Although it was her first time on a genuine golf course, Donna Perry enjoyed hitting the fairways and traps for her photo shoot. A natural athlete—whose 5'11" frame and spiking skills attracted USC's volleyball recruiters—Donna is now a convert to legitimate links. "They say the sand trap is the hardest shot," she boasts about her predicament at right. "But I got the ball out every time."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





26. My folks are senior citizens. You get along better with your kids if you're younger when you have them." We arrive at the course and Donna strides toward the first hole, her hair tied into a swinging ponytail. Dressed in a gray T-shirt and jeans shorts, she guides me from green to green, revealing the secrets and difficulties of each hole. "Here's the wishing well," she whispers, as if this one has special meaning. She lines up the ball carefully, gives it a good whack and then—wait a minute—the ball rolls through the well and past the hole and comes right back to her. "That's strange," Donna says, tapping the ball, and this time coming closer to her mark. "The next hole is the

"I went to a PGA match here in L.A.," says Donna, posing above with, from left, Payne Stewart, Jack Nicklaus and Ben Crenshaw. "Jack was my favorite. A fan saw him giving me an autograph and said, 'You didn't give me one.' Nicklaus said, 'That's because you ain't pretty.'"





"This pictorial is about me saying I'm proud of myself," asserts Donna, who, by remarkable coincidence, is the second Miss November in her family. Her grandmother by marriage was PLAYBOY's *The Shapely Miss Staley* in our November 1958 issue. "At the time, it was not considered the thing to do. But today I can say: Here I am. I'm not ashamed. I look good and I'm proud."





Donna's first childhood memory was seeing the Disney movie *Old Yeller*. "I kept saying 'big yellow dog.' Those were my first words." Disney films still have a special place in Donna's heart. She has seen *Aladdin* ten times. "I wish I could have met Walt Disney. When I watch *Fantasia*, I think that man must have been on acid. No one in his right mind would think of those things. I mean, elephants that fly?"



anthill. It's a hard one." She's not kidding; it takes her ten tries to complete the hole.

In the years since she moved from this suburb, Donna has enjoyed a successful career in front of the camera. "People have always told me I should be a model, but at first I didn't succeed. Agencies kept saying I was too tall or too commercial. So I tried and tried again." Eventually, she landed her current agent and now has loads of work, including walk-on parts on *Baywatch*, in *Wayne's World* and on *90210* ("But I got cut out of that one"). Despite her success, Donna is eager to dispel the myth that modeling is all fun and glitz. "It's so

nonglamorous," she insists. "It's the hardest thing. Being a secretary is probably much easier. As a model, you have to be perfect all the time. It's really hard on your ego and your self-esteem."

We arrive at the castle, the second-to-last stop on the course. She aims, putts and—yikes—it happens again: The ball shoots past the hole and inevitably finds its way back to Donna's feet. Can you blame it? She laughs as she lines up the shot again, and this time sinks the ball for a birdie. "I did it!" she cries. "Just call it luck." We prefer to think of it as natural talent, Donna.
—D.B. ATCHESON



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Donna M. Perry

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Donna Perry
 BUST: 34c WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35
 HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 135



BIRTH DATE: 03-02-71 BIRTHPLACE: Glendale, California

AMBITIONS: To be successful in life, not necessarily rich but happy.

TURN-ONS: Beautiful voices, tropical islands, roses and my Rottweilers, people true to themselves.

TURNOFFS: People with "Hollywood" eggs, Sunday drivers, Grunge and "Poop Patrol."

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: Having my bikini top undone by a guy friend on the beach.

MY DREAM CAR: There are so many. I guess my ultimate car would be a Ferrari F 40.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER: Sushi, sake and the low rumble of Harley-Davidsons.

DISNEY CHARACTER I RELATE TO: Bambi. When he was young he was insecure and naive but as he got older he became strong and secure.



I always wanted to be a cowboy.



Don't laugh. I liked my hair.



Modeling in Paris
OO-LA-LA!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Scott showed little aptitude for the law and even less for public speaking, but neither handicap prevented him from pursuing a career as a defense attorney. Finally, the day came for him to argue his first capital murder case and he asked a colleague in his firm to attend the trial.

Halfway through his closing argument, Scott sent a note to the other attorney: "What are the chances of my client being acquitted?"

"Keep talking," the response read. "The longer you talk, the longer he lives."



ABSOLUTELY THE LAST BOBBITT JOKE: What's the difference between John and Lorena Bobbitt? She's crazy and he's just nuts.

Cindy Crawford and a guy were stranded on a deserted island. After several weeks without rescue, nature took its inevitable course and the two began to make love. Months later, they were still marooned and they were still making love.

One day, Cindy asked her companion if there was anything special she could do for him. "Well, yes, as a matter of fact," he said. "Would you mind putting on my trousers and shirt?"

"No, that's OK, I guess," she replied, stepping into his pants.

"And my jacket and tie?"

"Well, all right," she agreed.

"And could you pull your hair under this baseball cap?"

"Sure," she replied, getting into the game.

"OK, do you feel like a guy now?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"A regular guy?"

"Yeah, yeah. Now what can I do for you?" she asked impatiently.

He tapped her shoulder, leaned toward her ear and whispered, "Just between you and me, dude, I'm fucking Cindy Crawford."

What do you call a gay lumberjack? Spruce.

The night before an election, two Chicago campaign workers were in a cemetery copying names from headstones into the voter registry. They stopped when they came to the name Wladyslaw Wladjlevsky Zhivkvicz. "I ain't gonna write that," one said. "We have enough names anyway."

"Copy it, Sam," insisted the other. "This is America and that guy's got as much right to vote as anyone else in this graveyard."

While auditioning for a job, a pianist played one of his own compositions. "That's beautiful," the lounge owner enthused. "What do you call it?"

"Rip Off Her Clothes and Screw Her Doggy Style," the pianist replied. The owner told the musician to play another piece, which was equally beautiful. When asked the title, the pianist replied, "Shove Your Dick in Her Mouth and Whistle a Happy Melody."

"Look, I love your music," the owner said, "but I'll hire you only if you keep your song titles to yourself."

The pianist agreed and began work that night. After his first set, he got up to go to the men's room. On his way back, a customer stopped him. "Excuse me, do you know your fly's unzipped and your cock is hanging out?"

"Know it?" the pianist exclaimed. "I wrote it, man!"

What does Bill Clinton tell Hillary after sex? "Honey, I'll be home in 20 minutes."

A rabbi and a priest were enjoying a stroll together when suddenly a sea lion shuffled past them, followed by a young woman clad only in earmuffs. A moment later, a rhino thundered by, hotly pursued by two cops pushing a wheelbarrow full of mice. Before the clergymen could react, six Hare Krishnas ran by, each balancing five pepperoni pizzas on his head.

When the dust had settled, the priest turned to the rabbi and opened his mouth to speak.

The rabbi stopped him with an upraised hand. "I think," he said, "that I've already heard this one."



Rumor is you went home with a great-looking guy last night, Carol said.

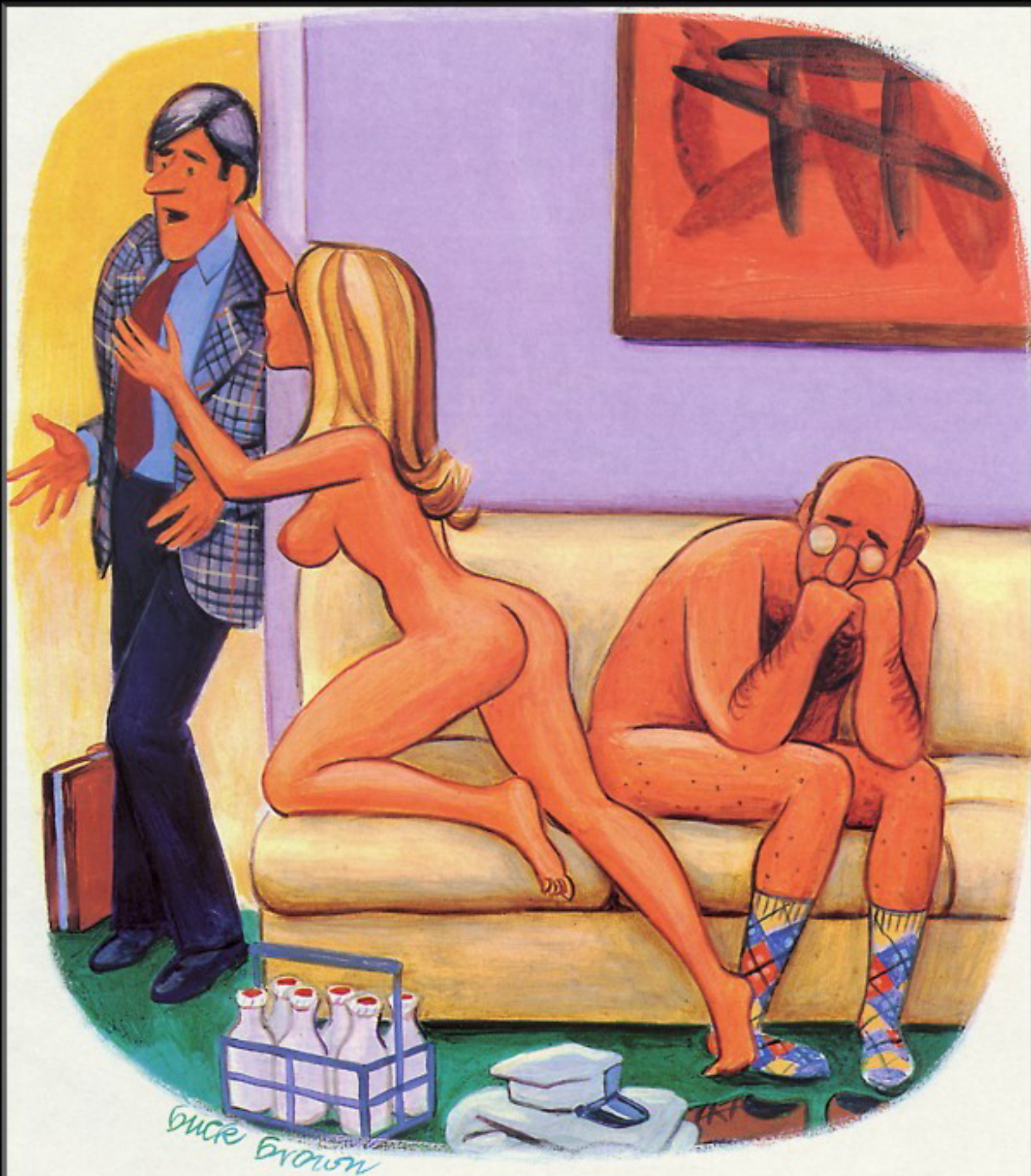
"Yeah," Pam said, nodding. "For a guy on a road-repair crew, he was pretty hot."

"He was a road builder?"

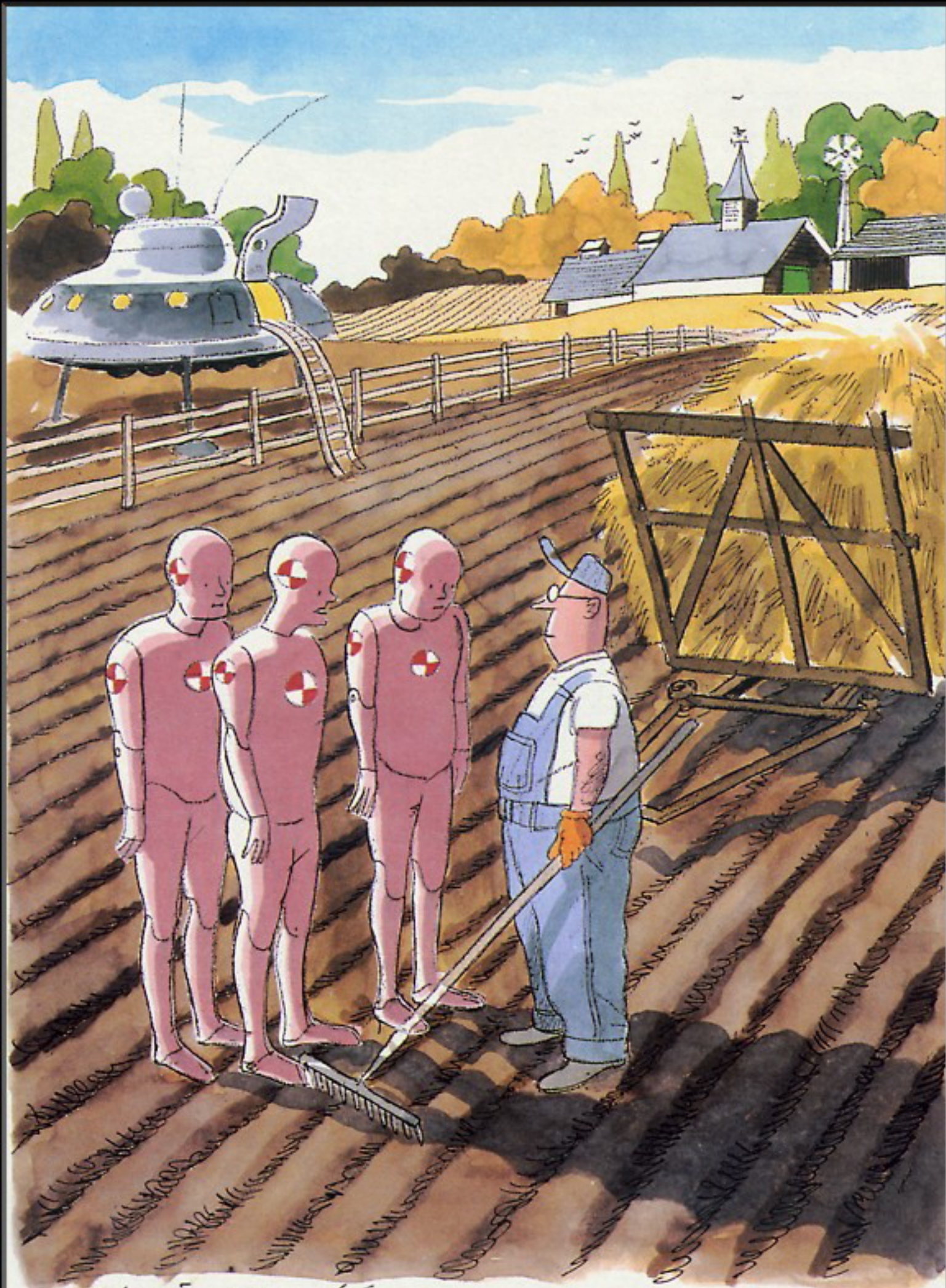
"Well, he must have been," Pam said with a shrug. "He wore an orange vest and I had to do all the work."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do men and linoleum have in common? If they're laid properly the first time, you can walk all over them for 20 years.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Hell, I'm turning off Main Street, getting ready to go through the park, and, wham, it hits me—how come I'm the only guy in this city who still has a milkman?"



Mike Winson

"We have heard disturbing rumors that you have been using our people in some of your scientific experiments."



"Not today, Professor Michaels—I've got the curse."

SEX IN CINEMA

1994



THE YEAR'S MOVIES HEAT UP WITH KINKY PASSION, GENDER-BENDING AND EQUAL RIGHTS TO BARE ALL

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON Put 1994 down on the books as the year that the sexes finally achieved equality on-screen: Men and women now share the right to let it all hang out. Moviegoers have become accustomed to the sight of unclad female bodies, but only a few audacious filmmakers have ventured to debrief their male stars. Oh, there were earlier hints of a change—last year Harvey Keitel, Jaye Davidson and Sylvester Stallone (in *The Piano*, *The Crying Game* and *Demolition Man*, respectively) bared what were once known as their privates. But in 1994 full exposure for actors as well as actresses became a genuine trend. Bruce Willis' frontal nudity in *Color of Night* was the talk of the Cannes Film Festival (as were his underwater exploits with an equally nude Jane March). One might expect a flash of flesh in a film called *Naked in New York*, and Eric Stoltz, featured in its dream sequence, obliges. So does James Woods, playing a drunken rancher who strips to the buff in *Curse of the Starving Class*. The same may be said (text concluded on page 146)

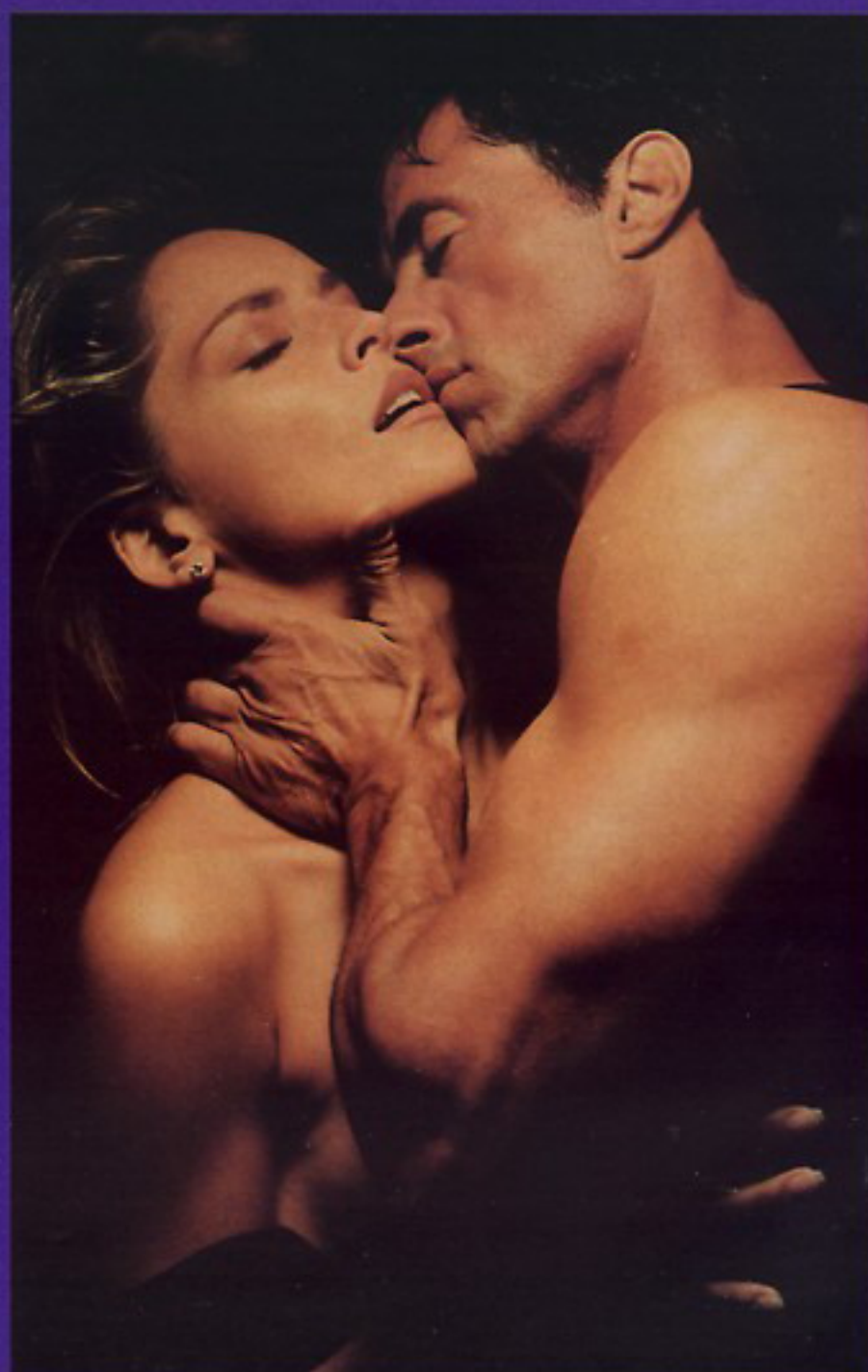
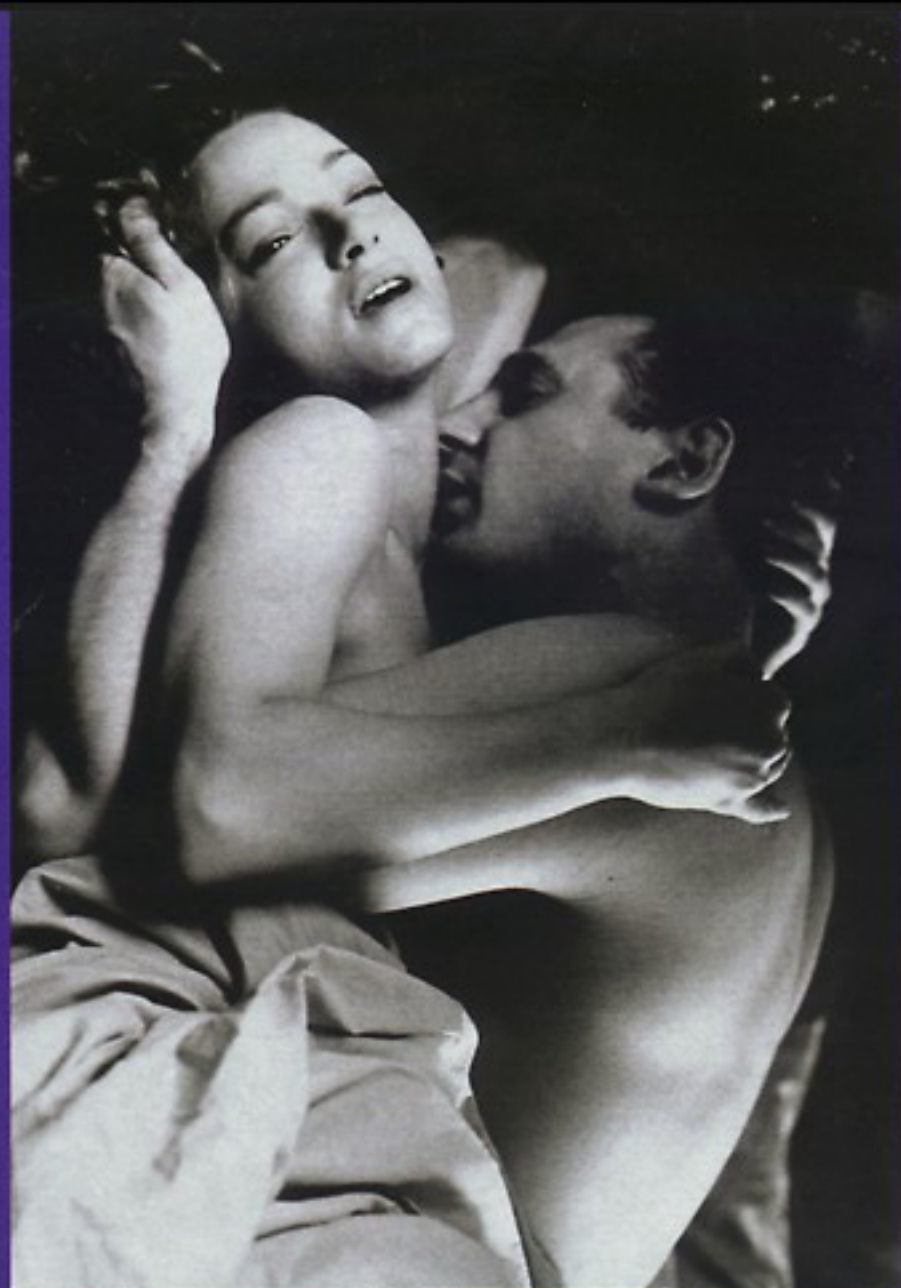
COMING CLEAN How's this for a water sport? Bruce Willis and Jane March heat up a pool, a shower and (above) a bathtub—not to mention a bed and a dinner table—in *Color of Night*, released, surprisingly enough, by Disney's Hollywood Pictures.

THE WAYS OF ALL FLESH Unorthodox sexuality marks *Exit to Eden*, from Anne Rice's tale of an S&M resort where dominatrix Dana Delany has Paul Mercurio in a lather (top right); Roman Polanski's *Bitter Moon*, in which kinky duo Emmanuelle Seigner and Peter Coyote (center right) set up some proper Brits; and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (at right, Kenneth Branagh, as Dr. Frankenstein, nuzzles his betrothed, Helena Bonham Carter).





HAT TRICKS Winking at convention, filmmakers who were still shy about frontal male nudity applied head-gear to Norbert Weissner (with Camryn Manheim and Bridget Fonda, above) in *The Road to Wellville*; Woody Harrelson in *The Cowboy Way* (left); and (below) Mark Christopher Lawrence, Rusty Cundieff and Larry B. Scott in a promotional shot for *Fear of a Black Hat*, a spoof of a fictional gangsta rap group called Niggaz With Hats.





MATING GAMES Despite its status as a runaway Oscar winner, *Schindler's List* found disfavor with bluenoses here and abroad because of its nudity and sex scenes featuring Liam Neeson, as Oskar Schindler, and the several women, such as Beatrice Macola (near left), with whom he conducted adulterous liaisons. In *Backbeat*, the story of the Beatles before their ascent to stardom, bassist Stuart Sutcliffe, portrayed by Stephen Dorff, falls for photographer Astrid Kirchherr, played by Sheryl Lee (above left). Trouble is, so does John Lennon (or is it Stu he craves?). Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin (above right) are an on-the-lam couple in the steamy—too steamy, it's reported, for preview audiences, prompting cuts—remake of *The Getaway* (the 1972 movie in which Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw turned their on-screen romance into an offscreen affair and subsequent marriage). *Together*, with Nick Cassavetes and Brenda Bakke (below), is the saga of a young couple who marry in haste, split as quickly, then gradually discover each other. It's Sharon Stone's sexy telephone voice that intrigues Sylvester Stallone, an explosives expert blasting through Miami's Cuban underworld in *The Specialist*. As evidenced below left, they connect.





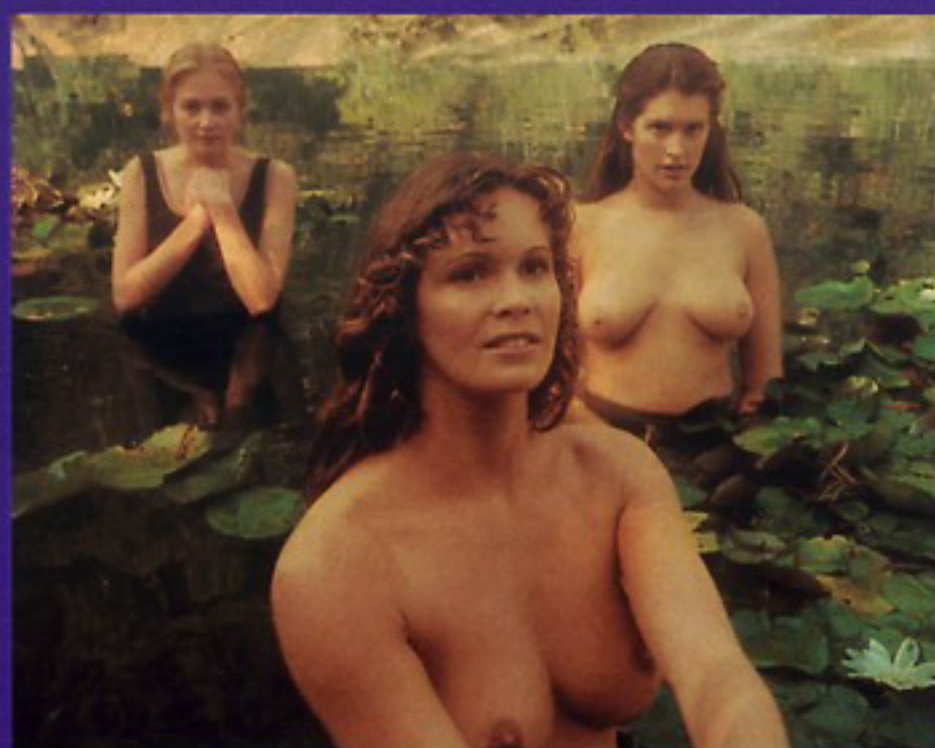
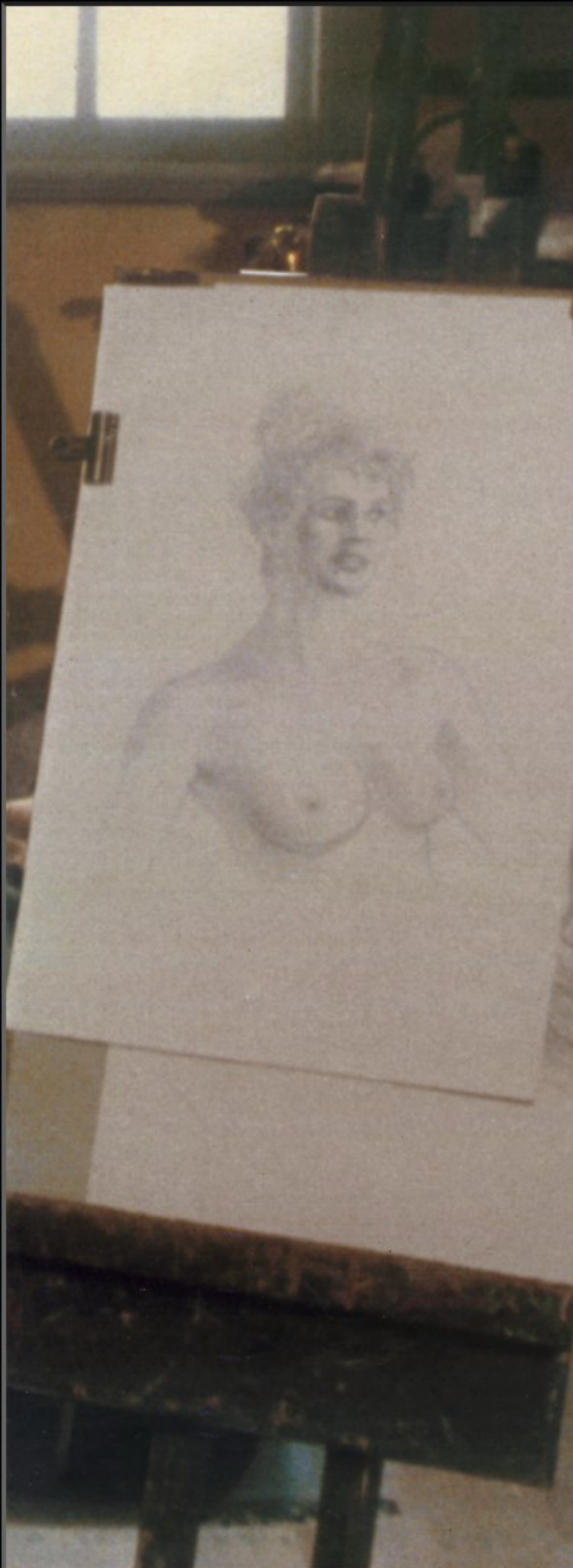


ABROAD-MINDED

Sexual liberation is alive and well in Italy's *Dellamorte Dellamore*, in which Anna Falchi and Rupert Everett romp over graves (far left); Britain's *Naked*, with David Thewlis and Katrin Cartlidge (above); the Italo-Brazilian co-production *Forever*, with Ben Gazzara and Eva Grimaldi (right); and three new sizzlers from Spain: *The Ages of Lulu*, starring Francesca Neri (above right), and *Huevos de Oro* (Golden Balls, below), both by Bigas (Jamón Jamón) Luna, plus the latest hot offering from Pedro Almodóvar, *Kika*, in which Victoria Abril (near left) is the mistress of trash television.



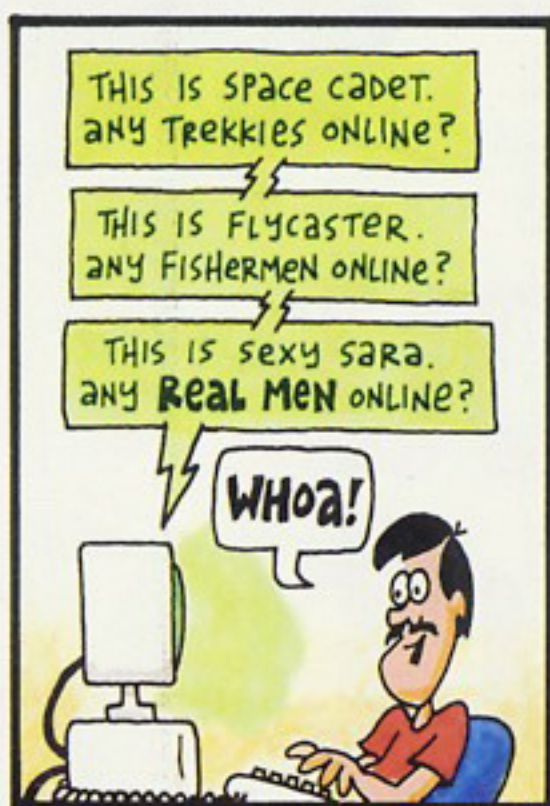
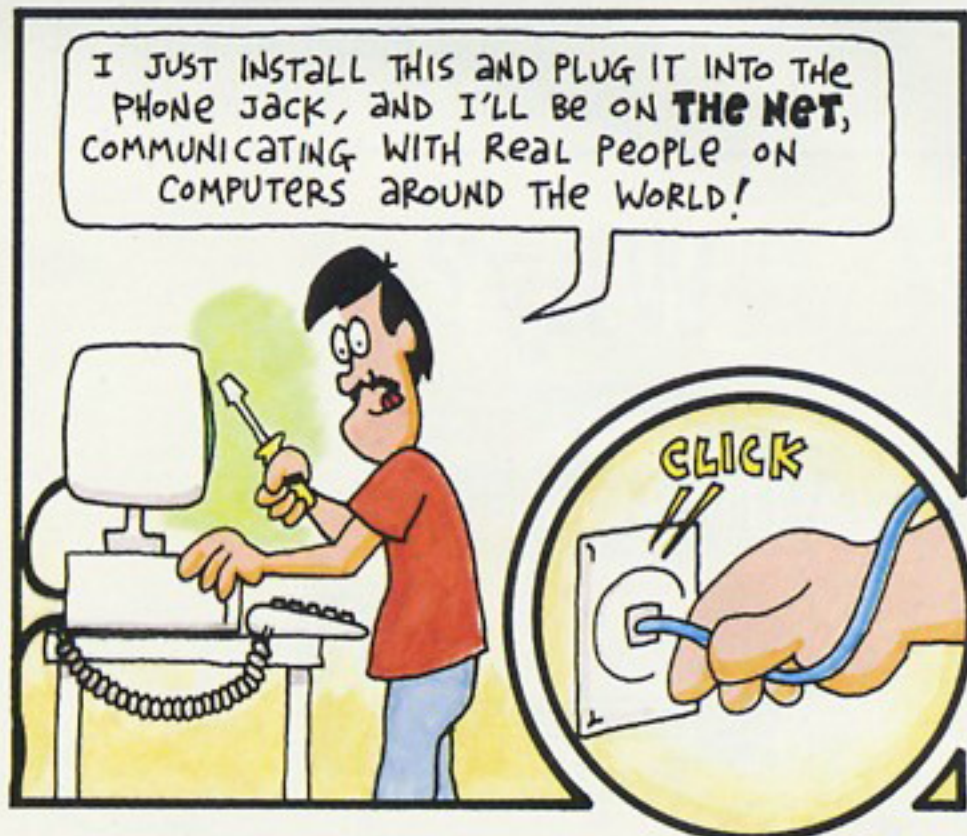




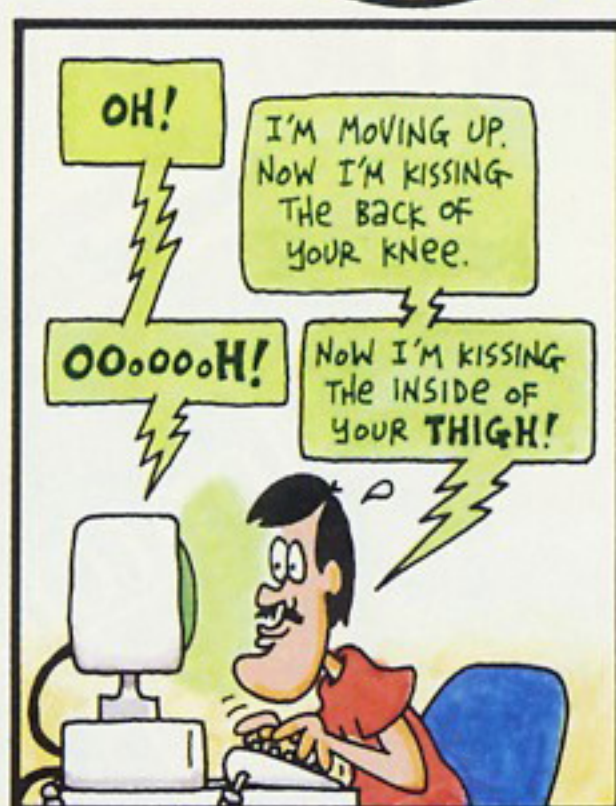
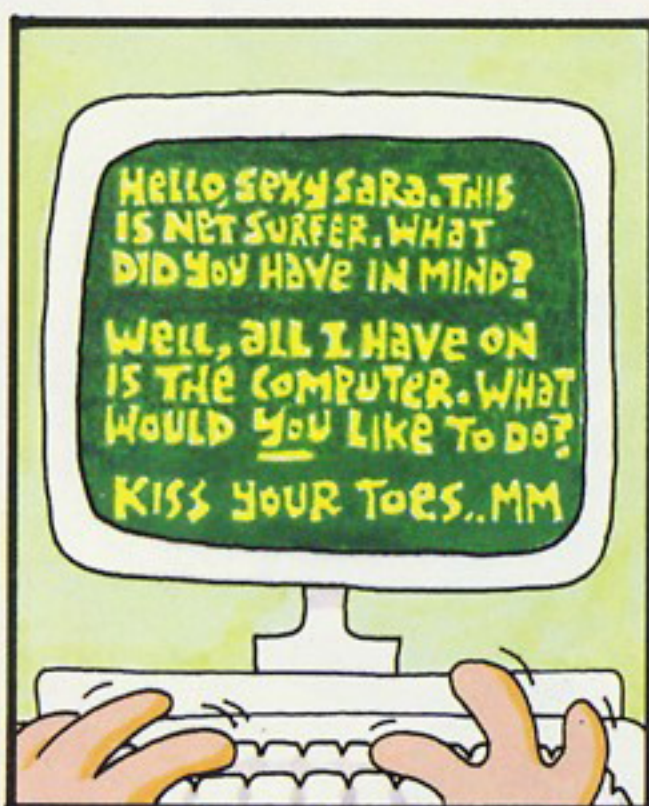
AWESOME AUSSIES The eye-popping *Sirens*, which showcases *PLAYBOY* cover girl Elle Macpherson (seen at left and above with Portia de Rossi and Kate Fischer), is based on actual characters. Neophyte clergyman Anthony Campion (Hugh Grant, top) and his wife are sent to reason with artist Norman Lindsay (Sam Neill), whose nude paintings outrage Australian church authorities. Exposure to Lindsay and his models (among them a supposedly blind Mark Gerber, above center) proves liberating.

ON THE NET

BY KEITH ROBINSON



Whoa!



I'M MOVING UP. NOW I'M KISSING THE BACK OF YOUR KNEE.

NOW I'M KISSING THE INSIDE OF YOUR THIGH!



one week
later

Yes?

CYBER POLICE,
MR. "NET SURFER." YOU'RE
WANTED DOWNTOWN
FOR QUESTIONING.

WE'RE INVESTIGATING
A POSSIBLE
CYBER ASSAULT
ON A "MS. POPTART"
LAST NIGHT.

WHAT!? YOU
THINK I...?
WE WERE JUST
HAVING FUN
ON THE NET!

YOU TYPED "I'M
PULLING DOWN YOUR
PANTIES." DID SHE
GIVE YOU **PERMISSION**
TO TYPE THAT?

WHAT? UH... I
DON'T REMEMBER.
HEY, THEY WEREN'T
REAL PANTIES,
THEY WERE
CYBER PANTIES!

THE INCIDENT HAS
LEFT HER UNABLE
TO INTERACT
ELECTRONICALLY.

AS YOUR ATTORNEY, I THINK WE CAN
GET THIS REDUCED TO MISDEMEANOR
CYBERSEXUAL HARASSMENT — BUT
WITH ONE CONDITION.

WHAT'S THAT?

THAT YOU AGREE TO
HAVE YOUR **MODEM LINE**
SEVERED.

URK!

SNIP

HOW ABOUT A
NICE GAME
OF SOLITAIRE?

OH, SHUT UP.

— GRAPEVINE —



Lauren's Grace Under Lace

Actress LAUREN HAYES has been on screen in *America's Funniest People*, *Erotic Landscapes* and, her latest, *The Great Bikini Off-Road Adventure*. Expect a sequel.

No Crumbs on This Cracker

When we last checked on Cracker and lead singer DAVID LOWERY, we were only making predictions. Now we're feeling smug: *Kerosene Hat* has gone gold and the band recently toured with Spin Doctors. These rednecks are for real.



Easy Rider

LAUNA MOROSAN may be doing her motorcycle mama bit here, but you've seen her on *Married With Children*, *Quantum Leap* and *Cheers*. She's been Miss Coors and has done numerous calendars and posters. Launa makes this chrome shine.



© KEN SETTLE

DAVID MACEY

© STEPHEN W. POLLER



PAUL NATHAN PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Street Songs

TED HAWKINS was once famous only for singing in Venice Beach, California. He sang in the streets. Now he sings at festivals, on concert stages and on a major label album, *The Next Hundred Years*. Think of a voice that echoes both Sam Cooke and Otis Redding—then turn up the volume.



© JAM MCKELL BETHNA

The Great Pretender

After a four-year lay-off, the Pretenders are back with a new album and a tour—and frontwoman CHRISSIE HYNDE is singing about motherhood. "Child-rearing has its moments," she says, "but there's nothing like living out of a suitcase." Punk mommy.



© STEVE RAPPORT/RETNA

On the Right Tracks

Maybe sitting on the railroad tracks isn't wise, but these are the CRASH TEST DUMMIES. *God Shuffled His Feet* has gone platinum, and the Dummies have headed off to tour in Europe until early December. They can come home again.

Cristin Holds Her Cover

Model CRISTIN FITZPATRICK has done a commercial for Miller Lite and appeared in *Muscle & Fitness* magazine, but our readers will recognize her from *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. Look for more of Cristin in *Playboy's Nudes*. We know how to pick 'em.

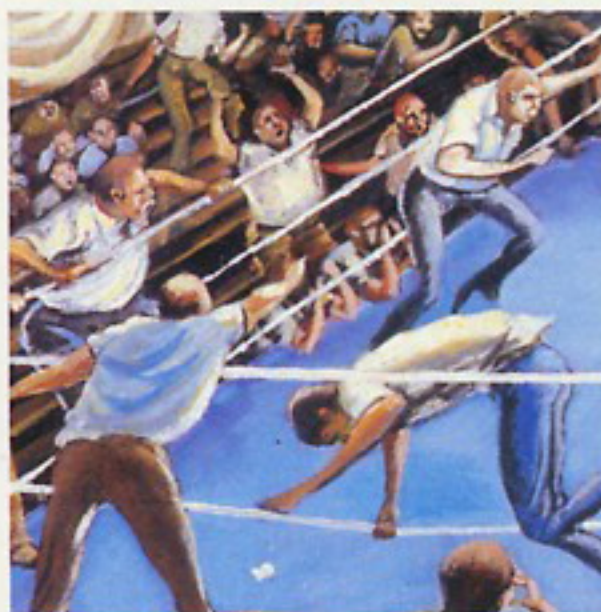


© JACOB PERLMAN

NEXT MONTH: GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE



JULIE'S RIGHT



DYNAMITE FICTION



LIFE WITHOUT PLAYBOY?



SUPERMODELS' YEAR

DYNAMITE HANDS—JOHNNY IS A SOLID FIGHTER, NOTHING SPECIAL, UNTIL ANGEL TEACHES HIM TO JUICE UP HIS PUNCHES—HARD-HITTING FICTION BY **THOM JONES**

TORY SEX SCANDALS—WHAT IS IT ABOUT THOSE BRITS WHO PREACH FAMILY VALUES BUT CAN'T KEEP THEIR PANTS ON? A SIZZLING REPORT ON THE HOTBED OF HYPOCRISY BY **PETER PRINGLE**

TOM HANKS—NOT SINCE SPENCER TRACY AND JIMMY STEWART HAS A HOLLYWOOD STAR HELD SUCH A GRIP ON OUR HEART. WHAT MAKES *FORREST* SO ENCHANTING? A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **ROGER EBERT**

OBSESSION—WHEN DOES LOVE CROSS THE LINE INTO MADNESS? O.J. SIMPSON IS ONLY THE LATEST TO BE ACCUSED OF TURNING REJECTION INTO FATAL RAGE—BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

RIGHT YOU ARE—PLAYBOY'S LATEST GIFT TO SHOWBIZ IS **JULIE LYNN CIALINI**. YOU MET HER AS MISS FEBRUARY 1994. NOW SHE'S FOLLOWING IN DIAN PARKINSON'S FOOTSTEPS ON *THE PRICE IS RIGHT*. COME ON DOWN!

CASH AND CARREY—HE'S THE MAN IN *THE MASK* WHOSE RUBBER FACE AND HYPED-UP HUMOR MADE HIM

COMEDY'S HOTTEST TICKET. WILL THE REAL **JIM CARREY** PLEASE STAND UP?—ARTICLE BY **BERNARD WEINRAUB**

LIFE WITHOUT PLAYBOY—WOULD THE WORLD BE DIFFERENT IF BUNNIES HAD STAYED IN THE FOREST AND HEF WORE PAJAMAS ONLY TO BED? AN UPLIFTING REFLECTION ON THE POWER OF DREAMS—BY **BUCK HENRY**

VINCENT BUGLIOSI—THE PROSECUTOR WHO PUT AWAY CHARLES MANSON GIVES HIS VERDICT ON O.J., LAWYERS AND JUSTICE IN A TOUGH CROSS-EXAM BY **DAVID SHEFF**

GARRY SHANDLING—THE STAR OF THE *LARRY SANDERS SHOW* REVEALS HIS DARK SIDE, GIVES THE LOWDOWN ON JAY, JOHNNY AND DAVE, AND PROVES HE'S ONE MASTER CHATMEISTER IN A DROLL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

BO DEREK—STILL A TEN, SHE LOOKS MORE RAVISHING THAN EVER IN A SPECIAL HOLIDAY PICTORIAL SHOT BY HER HUSBAND, PHOTOGRAPHER **JOHN DEREK**

PLUS: SUPERMODELS IN *SEX STARS*, PARTY FASHION, THOSE RIOTOUS HOLIDAY NEWSLETTERS, CHRISTMAS GIFTS, GREAT WINTER DRINKS AND SEX TRICKS TO BRING REAL JOY TO THE HOLIDAYS